

The Student's Pen



VOL. VI

NO. 2

PITTSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

November Number 1920

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PHS
1920 Nov



GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

A REAL MAN

A real man never talks about what the world owes him, the happiness he deserves, the chance he ought by right to have, and all that. All he claims is the right to live and play the man.

A real man is just as honest alone in the dark, in his own room, as he is in public.

A real man does not want pulls, tips and favors. He wants work and honest wages.

A real man is loyal to his friend and guards his reputation as his own.

A real man is dependable. His simple word is as good as his Bible oath.

A real man does a little more than he promises.

A real man does not want something for nothing, so the get-rich-quick people cannot use him.

A real man honors a woman, any woman. He cannot hurt a woman, physically or morally. He sticks to his wife. He can be loyal even if love is impossible.

A real man minds his own business. He does not judge other people.

A real man always has excuses for others, never for himself. He is patient and charitable to them, to himself he is strict.

A real man is glad to live and not afraid to die.

A real man never hunts danger and never dodges it when he ought to meet it.

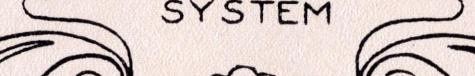
A real man's love is like a dog's, and that's saying a great deal.

A real man is—well, he is a real man, the finest, best, noblest, most refreshing thing to find on all the green earth, unless it be a real woman.

—Borrowed



APPRENTICE
SYSTEM



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LORNE B. HULSMAN

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword"

The Student's Pen

FOUNDED 1893

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Pittsfield, Massachusetts

VOL. VI

NOVEMBER 1920

NO. 2

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On November 13, about 44 members of the Pittsfield High School accompanied our team to Adams for the football game played there. This little journey was the result of an Assembly held in the Auditorium on the previous Wednesday, in which our school spirit, or rather our lack of it was criticised in scathing words. The fact was made clear to us that we should go to Adams, and cheer the boys on to victory. Anon, we did. We went, we saw, we tried to conquer. Our means of conveyance was a special car

which left the Park at 12:53. Mr. Lucey, Coach Leonard, Mr. Keaney, and Mr. Brierly, accompanied us. Under the guidance of such able cheer leaders as Arline Bates and "Jakey" G., our cheering not only penetrated every corner of that field, but even had some "pep" to it. But we want your voice too! The fact that we lost the game is insignificant. The most important consideration is that we did our part. And it helped too. Pittsfield made the first touchdown scored on Adams this year! Our team needs the co-operation of every member of this school. Bestir yourselves, you slumberers of P. H. S. Come out to the games!

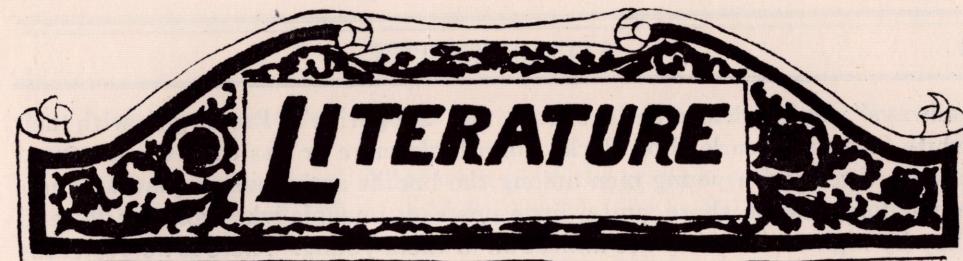
B. M. R.

Loyal Spirit

Loyal spirit of the people is the foundation of prosperous nations and winning teams. A leading nation of today whose people do not give it true support will become a second class nation, so will an athletic team. The World's War was won by the Allies because of the loyal spirit of the Allied soldiers. The soldiers' spirit increased by degrees, not by one jump. The foundation of this spirit was laid in grammar school by supporting school activities. At high school this spirit developed and became stronger than the strongest weapon. Men without spirit are failures in life because the world wants only loyal spirited men. Spirit gives to poor teams what the thyroid gland gives to old and feeble people which is a new life and new energy. Fellow students! Begin now to develop that loyal spirit so that in future years the United States may still be one of the leading powers of the world. Let us hope and pray that the loyal spirit and enthusiasm of the old student bodies of P. H. S. will return to us like the "Spirit of 1776" returned to our forefathers and brothers in 1917.

The staff of The Student's Pen wishes to express the deepest regret that Mr. Hulsman's picture did not appear in the last issue of the paper. Unforeseen circumstances prevented its appearance. We are nevertheless, pleased to have it in this issue.

We wish to call the especial attention of our readers to the General Electric's advertisement appearing in the inside front cover. It illustrates admirably what large firms think of "REAL MEN."



Thanksgiving Day

Three hundred years ago our forefathers landed on the bleak shores of New England. There was no one to greet them, no welcoming hand stretched out to them as they first stepped onto the shores of their new home. Only the dark forests with hostile Indians lurking in their depths, stretched before them. That forest had to be cleared away to make even a small settlement and the women and children had to be protected while this was being done.

Nevertheless, these Pilgrim Fathers, with courage in their stout hearts, set to work and, at last, after much hard labor, cleared a space for their homes. Their crops failed them and their number was greatly reduced by the many visits of The Angel of Death. Still, they struggled on with their hearts full of hope for the future. At last they were rewarded by abundant crops and happy and peaceful days. Then they ceased their toil, set aside a day and bade all the friendly Indians come to a feast of Thanksgiving.

If those Puritans, surrounded by all kinds of dangers and burdened with many sorrows, could find anything to be thankful for, surely we in this day and generation can find something to thank God for on the day set aside by those Pilgrims at Plymouth and celebrated through all these three hundred years, Thanksgiving Day.

— Mary Cooney '23

Palisade Park at Night

High atop the Palisades on the opposite side of the Hudson is Palisade Park. Bright lights outline themselves against the blackness and a great wheel of light slowly revolves, high in the air. You cross in the ferry, and then take the trolley that winds up the steep ascent. The trees and walls of rock are darkly etched about you. The little crowd in the car is already hilarious and expectant. Then you reach the summit and enter the gates.

The park is like a fairyland, or something plucked from the pages of the Arabian Nights. Everywhere are bright lights, gay crowds, and music. It is not an uproarious crowd, but a noisy one, eager and cheery, with bright eyes and laughter. And the men in the booths keep up their hoarse monologues; there is a whir of machinery; yells as the cars rumble down the "scenic

railways", and delicious shrieks from the "Sleighride". Pretty girls with their white faces and scarlet lips, decked in a little more or less than the last word allows, throng with young men among the booths and pleasure places. There are sailors, just on shore, and a little unsteady; people who work by day and play by night. And they are almost all of them young. There is no yesterday or tomorrow—just tonight, and the lights, and the music, time does not mean so very much.

You rise on the Witching Waves, you jerk in the Whip, you whistle down steep inclines that snatch your breath, you lull through scenic tunnels, you climb moving stairs, and you enjoy it. You swing high out into the air in baskets, and wonder why you do not fall. And you sit in the Ferris Wheel that rises high, and look out over the electrically brilliant park, and night on the Hudson with lights that twinkle along the shores. It is so quiet there and so far away from the rest of the world.

Then when you have gone the round of thrills and funny things, and have eaten ice cream cones and waffles and gummy red "apples", and you are just the least bit tired, you go out of the gates and the light and, leave the diminishing but happy crowd still playing. Outside it is dark and cool, you walk down the steep, winding way, over the stony path and the many steps,—you are glad of a steady hand. The wind from the river blows up, the music and laughter drift to you from the Park, far away and dreamy.

At the end of the descent you rush to the trolley that takes you to the river. And when everybody is crowded onto the late boat, you leave the dock. It is quiet now, the ferry glides silently through the dark water; the people talk little. Battleships cross their searchlights above the river, lights nestle along the shores in outline, and tremble in the water. On the heights of the opposite shore are tall, lighted buildings. So steadily that it seems motionless, the ferry carries you across. At last it glides into the dock; the men call out and loosen the chains; and the crowd pushes you onto the gangway.

—M. B. Marsh

Dillon Wins Out

Dillon, a quarter back on the St. Charles' team, was walking slowly toward the school gym. The coach had put him off the team for being too yellow to tackle a man on the scrimmage.

That night, at six, he did not go to supper with the boys, but stayed alone in his room. Later, on walking through the hall, he heard the fellows whispering and he caught the word, "yellow." The game with Staunton, who was their bitterest enemy, was to take place in two weeks. One week before the great game, Barry, Dillon's room-mate, came tearing in to tell his despondent pal that Milton, the other quarter had broken his ankle.

"Make the coach give you another chance! Tell him you'll win out!" encouraged Barry.

So it was arranged and Dillon went on to the gridiron once more.

All the next week Dillon could be seen playing as hard as he knew how to in scrimmage because he knew he was the only other quarter.

Saturday came and the players were all in the gym., at two o'clock. At exactly three o'clock the game started and at the end of the first half, the score was three to nothing in favor of St. Charles. The three points having been made by a drop kick from the thirty-five yard line by Prince, the best kicker St. Charles ever had.

The second half started with both sides out for blood. Staunton had put in a big 'sub' who weighed one hundred and ninety-eight pounds and they kept rushing him through center. With one minute left to play on the twenty yard line and three downs and nine yards to go, Staunton started. The big sub got through this time. There were two men left to tackle him. Dillon being one of the two. The first did not stop him and Dillon got yellow for a second, then, all of a sudden he made one of the nicest flying tackles St. Charles had ever seen. When he got up they carried the big 'sub' off the field on a stretcher. After the game he felt better because he had shown the five hundred St. Charles students that there was more red blood in him than yellow.

—Clifford Rice

Truth or Fiction

Two boys, coming home from school one afternoon, were discussing their English assignment for the next day. The teacher had told them to bring in an interesting account of something they had really witnessed. Both boys agreed that this was impossible as nothing interesting had ever happened to them. The next day the boys came to school with their stories, one having written a true story, the other, becoming discouraged had made one up. The first boy's story was about an aviator who, when flying in his aeroplane, lost control of the machine, and started to fall. He fell down, down, down, and when he came within about one hundred feet from the ground he righted the plane but was too near the ground to avoid a crash. He happened to be over a street where there were rows of telephone poles from which wire cables were extended. When he reached the poles the machine landed squarely on the cables and slid along smoothly for several yards, neither the aviator nor the machine being injured.

The other boy's story related how, while he was going home from school, he had to pass a ball park which was very near the railroad. That day a very

exciting game was in progress, the score being three to two in the ninth inning with two out and no men on bases. He wished to see what the man at the bat would do. Suddenly, the batter gave the ball a terrific knock. Just at that minute a train came tearing past and the ball went into the smokestack. The engine gave a puff and sent the ball out again and just as the man reached home the fielder caught the ball. One side declared that the man was out because the fielder had caught the ball and the other side said that he was safe because the ball had left the field. "Which story was true?"

Freshmen Confidences

Time: Shortly after two P. M.
 Place: In the vicinity of P. H. S.
 Characters: "Chuck" and Hal, *very* Freshmen.

CHUCK: "Whatcha staying until two o'clock for, this semester?"

HAL: "Same old thing. Becausey je ne par-par, oh-speakey le Francois tres bum. I should worry. It's more fun not studying unless your dad finds it out."

CHUCK: "Yes, that's it. Unless he does! Say, who do you think I'm going to the Masonic Dance with? She's a peach, honest, and a *Senior*! Going?"

HAL (shortly): "No, dog-gone the luck!"

CHUCK: "S'matter? Financially-ah-embarrassed?"

HAL: "No, its—Well it's all my sister's fault. Girls make me tired. They don't know anything but the best kind of pink face flour."

CHUCK: "Well?"

HAL: "I asked Peg to press my best pants last night. I was so stone broke that I couldn't pay my class tax, let alone afford a tailor's job on them. Well, she must have thought she was pleating her accordion skirt for when I found the things this morning, they were creased twice as sharp as razor blades. She scorched them too."

CHUCK: "Gee. Whiz! That's tough. I know what sisters are, though. Mine's just the same. Why, say, Dot goes around with a chap who has the ugliest mut of an animal you ever laid eyes on. Every times he comes, he brings that excuse of a dog and Sis treats the Pup as if he were the only canine in captivity. Wastes candy on him, spills baby talk over him and brings

down the Indian pillow she embroidered for my last birthday for him to wipe his paws on. But when it comes to my dog Rip, it's some different. Every time she finds him sleeping on the foot of my bed, she raises such a holler about sanitary bosh that she learned from some pamphlet that dad puts him down cellar to keep peace in the family. Of course, dad lets him come up the back stairs again, after Sis has gone off, but there's the principle of the thing."

HAL: "You can't tell me, old boy. Now if our own sisters would be like *some* girls we know, wouldn't this little world go on greased wheels?"

CHUCK: "You tell 'em, razor, you're keen enough!"

—Janet E. Burt

I Should Worry

Well, I kissed her,—no, I missed her,
 Darned if I know what I did;
 Anyway I know I tried to,
 And I landed on my head.

For as in my arms she rested,
 Close up to my heart, so glad;
 'Round the corner, by the sofa
 Softly came her—yes, her dad.

Then he grabbed me by the collar,
 And he threw me out the door,
 Yelling, as I hit the pavement,
 "Don't come 'round here any more."

Well, I kissed her,—no, I missed her,
 Darned if I know *what* I did,
 For we'd only got to-gether
 When I landed on my head.

—Alex W. Milne

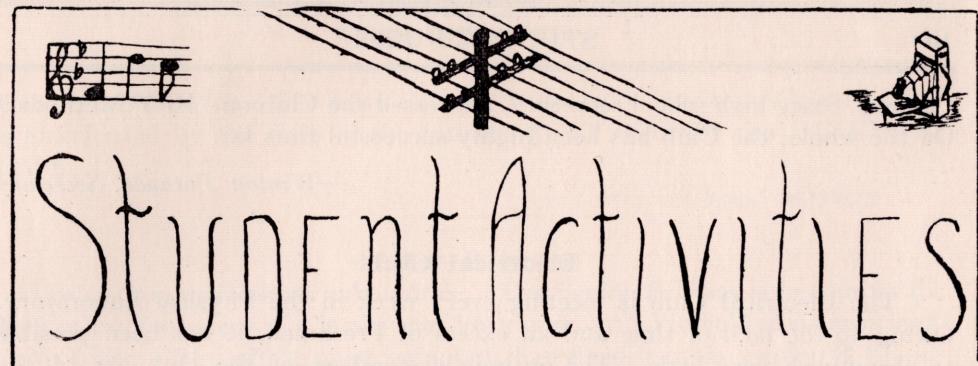
November

The wind-swept fields are bleak and drear,
The bonny autumn flowers are dead;
From leafless bushes brown and sere,
The withered sumach droops its head.

Amid tall weeds and briars stand
Gray-tufted ghosts of goldenrod;
The trees by wanton gusts are fanned,
And strew their shattered wealth abroad.

Chill is the air with wintry snows;
Dull are the cold gray skies above;
Yet in thy breast and mine there glows
Our summer of eternal love.

Helen E. Ring



Student Activities

Girls' League Notes

The Girls' League has opened this year with a record enrollment of 1204 members, of this number 172 are members of Pittsfield High School.

There are classes in basket-ball, gymnasium, social and aesthetic dancing. There have been classes in tennis but these have been discontinued on account of the weather.

In connection with tennis, the League held its third annual tennis tournament in September. Miss Marian Cooke of the SENIOR B CLASS, won the silver cup, the trophy which was awarded by the League, to the winner of the tournament. The games were played on the tennis court at Beech Grove Inn.

There promises to be much interest in basket-ball this coming winter as there is a rumor of a League to be formed of teams from various parts of the city. The chances, that, the P. H. S. Girls' Basketball Team will be represented, are very promising.

—I. R. V.

Glee Club Notes

Our musical club is progressing famously. Pleasing numbers for the winter concert have been chosen and sopranos, altos and basses are uniting their voices to make the affair a "howling" success. Mr. Smith is directing his attention at present to a lovely little selection "In Old Madrid." On the other hand, Mr. Larkin maintains order, keeping the boys from joining in on soprano parts and endeavoring to impress upon the fairer sex, the necessity of soft whispering. All of the rehearsals are well attended for no one has a worry or care when the Glee Club meets.

—J. E. B. '21

Hi-Y. Club

The Hi-Y Club has been meeting regularly in the Y. M. C. A. for the past two months. On November 1st, Hallowe'en was celebrated in the old-fashioned way by a co-ed party. On Tuesday, November 8th, Mr. Roy

Coombs, State high school secretary, addressed the Club on "Hi-Y Methods." On the whole, the Club has been highly successful thus far.

—Winton Patnode, Secretary

Electrical Club

The Electrical Club is meeting every week in the Physical Laboratory. Owing to the lack of time and an excess of Freshmen, it has been possible to accomplish very little. The optimistic members of the club are of the belief that a little knowledge of magnetism, wet cells, static electricity, high frequency, wireless and the X-Ray are important, while others hold that this is not true. It has been proposed to hold an examination for the purpose of eliminating the hopeless cases and making it possible to accomplish something in real work.

W. W. D., Secretary

Junior B Notes

The first meeting of the Junior B class was held on November 11. The following officers were elected for the term: Mr. Larkin, Class Advisor; Theodore Kallman, President; Loretta Dansereau, Vice-President; George Emerson, Secretary; and Blanche Bouteiller, Treasurer.

Mr. Larkin with the aid of one of the members of our class is going to draw up a class constitution. Mr. Larkin also suggested that somebody get busy and write a class song.

The subject of a class tax was brought up by Mr. Kallman but was not fully decided upon.

—George Emerson, Secretary

Junior A Class Notes

The Junior A Class has been reorganized and the following officers have been elected; President, Alexander Milne; Vice-President, Helen Rohan; Treasurer, Lorraine Krogman; Secretary, Carl Uhrig. The Class has decreased in numbers, owing to the separation of the Commercial School from the main school but the spirit is greater than ever.

The class has elected Miss Day as Class Advisor. She has proven herself very efficient in solving matters of class importance satisfactorily. A class constitution has been drawn up and approved by the class. The constitution was drawn up by a special committee consisting of Miss Day, Miss Rohan, Miss LeRose, Mr. Martin, and Mr. Uhrig. Preparations for the Junior Prom are being made, and it is expected that it will be held sometime in

December. Plans for other activities are under way and many good times are anticipated by the class in the future. JUST WATCH the JUNIOR A CLASS.

—Carl S. Uhrig, Secretary

Senior B Notes

Under-classmen, please take notice. The Senior B Class is beginning to follow in the foot-steps of Classes that have gone by. We hold class meetings by the dozen. But still it must be noted that since it is the Senior B Class, the Class of June, 1921, and not some other class, these meetings are conducted in an extremely orderly manner. Now, honestly, can you say this for all classes?

Then, there is another matter in which we deviate from the path pursued by all other classes. (This is a true statement). There is rivalry between the members in the Senior B Home Rooms to pay the class tax! Think of it. Did you ever see, nay, did you ever even hear of a class so enthusiastic about paying its monthly class tax? Well, this is the reason. The Class Banner is awarded at the end of each month to the room with the highest percentage of paid members. At present, Room 16, through the untiring efforts of its collector, Miss Irene Bliss, has the much-coveted banner. But watch out. There are two other rooms "on the war-path."

Of course it is also worth while to note that the Senior B Class has the welfare of the school at heart. This can be proved by the fact that every Senior B expects to attend the game between St. Joseph's High School and Pittsfield High School on the Common, Thanksgiving Day. We are out to stir up "school spirit." Accordingly, every member of the High School (also the Freshmen) is invited to attend the game with the Class. We earnestly hope and indeed, expect that all will avail themselves of this wonderful opportunity to cheer with the Senior B Class.

—I. R. V. '21

Senior A Class Notes

A committee of five has been chosen to aid Miss Converse, the coach in regard to the class play. It consists of Jane Hoag, Grace Tierney, Ruth Gardner, Herbert Bauer, and Edward Coster.

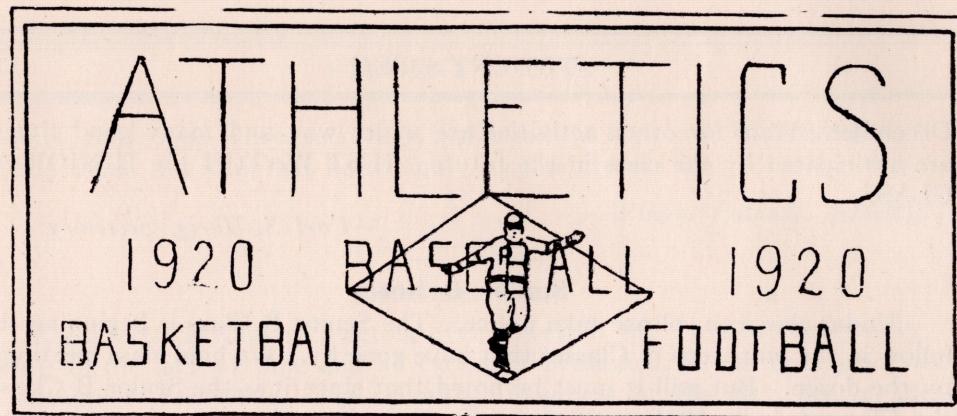
Russell Holdredge has been chosen business manager of the class play.

A committee, whose purpose is to suggest and to carry out some function, which will bring money into the meagre class treasury has been formed. Arline Bates, chairman, Elizabeth Ryan and Edward Coster.

Those on the class ring and pin committee are Ruth Gardner, chairman, Beatrice Anthony and Russell Holdredge.

Crimson and white have been decided upon for the class colors.

—Ruth M. Gardner, Secretary



Pittsfield H. S. 13; Dalton H. S. 0

In the second game of the season, Pittsfield defeated Dalton, in Pine Grove Park, 13-0. Pittsfield got the jump at the beginning of the game and was never seriously threatened. Pittsfield threatened Dalton's goal line several times in the first half but failed to score until Mangan picked up a Dalton fumble on his 10 yd. line and ran 90 yards for a touchdown. In the last period Pittsfield again scored, after a long march down the field, Mangan again making the touchdown.

The line-up:

Hall	L. E.	Depew
Burns, Goodman, Steenrod	L. T.	Woodlock
Burns, Steenrod	L. G.	Adams
Gregory	C.	Stevens
Hopper	R. G.	E. Hoxie, Carey
Graves	R. T.	La Mountain
Jacob	R. E.	Culverwell
Mangan	Q. B.	D. Connors
Wood	L. H.	Gilbert
Weltman	R. H.	S. Hoxie
Peck	F. B.	J. Connors

Touchdowns: Pittsfield, Mangan 2. Goal from touchdown: Pittsfield, Burns. Time of game: Two 10 and two 12 minute quarters. Officials: Referee, Miller of Pittsfield; Umpire, Sloan of Dalton.

Pittsfield 7: Drury 0

Pittsfield defeated its old rival Drury in a very interesting game on the common Saturday, October 23 by a score of 7-0. In the first period the home team started a march down the field from the 18 yard line only to be held

for downs on the one foot mark. The crisis came in the second period when after one pass being grounded Jacobs received a long pass from Mangan and carried the ball across for the only touchdown. Mangan easily kicked the goal. Mangan, Graves, Weltman and Dolphin starred for P. H. S., while H. Westcott, Ericson, and Pollard worked the best for Drury.

The line-up:

PITTSFIELD		DRURY	
Hall	L.E.	R.E.	Campbell
Steenrod	L.T.	R.T.	Brainerd
Wheeler, Burns	L.G.	R.G.	P. Oliver
Gregory	C.	C.	P. Westcott
Hopper, Goodman	R.G.	L.G.	W. Oliver
Graves	R.T.	L.T.	Euvrard
Jacobs	R.E.	L.E.	Toolan
Mangan	Q.B.	Q.B.	H. Westcott
Wood	L.H.B	R.H.B	Ericson
Dolphin	R.H.B	L.H.B	Bossi
Weltman	F.B.	F.B.	Pollard

Score: Pittsfield 7, Drury 0.

Touchdown, Jacobs. Goal from touchdown, Mangan. Time, 10 and 12 minute periods.

Drury 21, Pittsfield 7

After winning two games in a row, one of them from our ancient rival, we lost to Drury in North Adams 21-7. Our boys, with no confidence at all went onto the field without the leadership of Captain Mangan. Peck ran the team very well but the boys did not play for him as well as they do with their captain in the lineup.

Our only score came in the last period when Mangan picked up a Drury fumble, and carried the ball over for a touchdown. Burns kicked the goal. Capt. Mangan worked very well for Pittsfield, while Westcott, Pollard and Clark excelled for Drury.

The line-up:

DRURY		PITTSFIELD	
Toolan	L.E.	R.E.	Carey, Jacobs
Euvrard	L.T.	R.T.	Graves
Brainerd	L.G.	R.G.	Wheeler

P. Westcott	C.	C.	Gregory
W. Oliver	R.G.	L.G.	Burns
Ericson	R.T.	L.T.	Goodman
J. Pollard	R.E.	L.E.	Hall
H. Westcott	Q.B.	Q.B.	Peck, Mangan
Clark	L.H.B.	R.H.B	Dolphin
Scully	R.H.B	L.H.B	Wood
R. Pollard	F.B.	F.B.	Weltman

Score: Drury 21, Pittsfield 7. Touchdowns Clark, Pollard, Scully, Mangan. Goals from touchdowns, Ericson 3, Burns 1. Time, four 12 minute periods.

Pittsfield H. S. 6, St. Joseph H. S. 0

Pittsfield High defeated St. Joseph's High for the city championship, on the Common, Thanksgiving Day. Although the game was played in a snow storm, it was witnessed by a large crowd. A parade with both student bodies and a band taking part, preceded the game.

Both teams fought a hard game in spite of the snow and slush. St. Joseph threatened at all times but especially in the last quarter when they reached Pittsfield's one yard line. However, Capt. Mangan kicked the ball to safety. Mangan's forward pass to McNaughton and the latter's hard run gave Pittsfield the only score of the game. It was one of the prettiest plays that have been pulled off in Pittsfield in years.

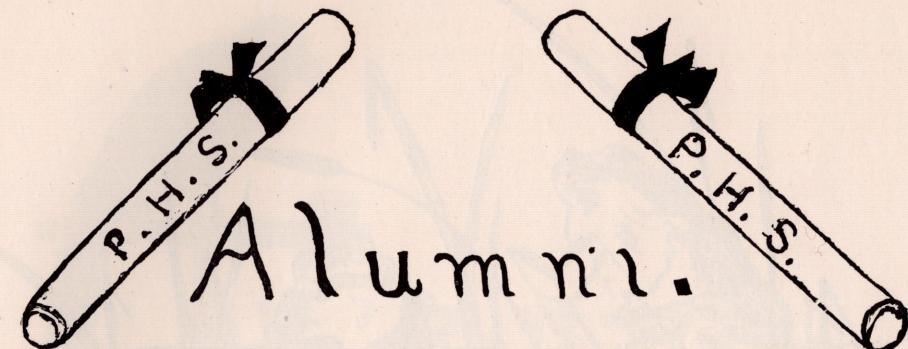
Garvin and Fox starred for St. Joseph while Mangan, Milne and McNaughton played brilliantly for Pittsfield.

The line-up:

PITTSFIELD H. S.

Hall, McNaughton	L.E.	R.E.	Guinan
Milne,	L.T.	R.T.	Garvin
Burnes, Barnes	L.G.	R.G	J. Conroy, Ward
Gregory	C.	C.	Fortin
Wheeler, Hopper, Steenrod	R.G.	L.G.	Lambert
Graves	R.T.	L.T.	Conlin, Conroy
Jacobs	R.E.	L.E.	Quinn, Burke
Mangan	Q.B.	Q.B.	Quinn, Ganley
Dolphin	L.H.B.	R.H.B.	St. James, Goggins
Weltman	R.H.B.	L.H.B.	Fox
Wood	F.B.	F.B.	Cain

Score, Pittsfield High 6, St. Joseph's High 0. Touchdown, McNaughton. Referee, Stewart. Umpire, Lincoln. Head linesman, Miller. Time, two ten and two twelve minute periods.



Miss Ora Ford of '20 has taken a position with the Berkshire Life Insurance Company.

Miss Grace Carrier is now in the office of the Eaton, Crane & Pike Company.

Miss Jessie Donald is employed in the office of Dr. Robert Volk.

George Kittredge of February '20, a member of the freshman football team of the U. of Pennsylvania, suffered a fractured leg in practice there, recently.

Carl Dole is now employed in the office of the National Cash Register Company.

Miss Edna Volin, P. H. S., '19, a member of the Freshman class of Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vermont has been pledged by the Nu of Sigma Kappa, one of the four sororities of the Women's College.



We are very appreciative of all our exchanges and acknowledge among others the following:

School Papers

The Senior Red and Green Year Book—, Fulton, N. Y.—Your 1920 magazine was very witty but why place the names of exchanges in a corner by themselves.

The Acorn, Jefferson High School, Roanoke, Va.

Bangor Oracle, Bangor, Me.

The Catamount, Bennington, Vt.

Dean Megaphone, Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass.

Drury Academe, Drury High School, North Adams, Mass.

The Enigma, Lenox High School, Lenox, Mass.

The Garnet and White, West Chester, Pa.

Kent Quarterly, Kent School, Kent, Conn.

The Magpie, St. Margaret's School, Waterbury, Conn.

The Register, Burlington, Vt.

Ypsi-Sem, Ypsilante, Mich.

The following College Papers have been received:

Harvard Alumni Bulletin, Harvard College, Boston, Mass.

The Polytechnic, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y.

The Tripod, Trinity College, Hartford, Conn. Weekly.

Syracuse Daily Orange, Syracuse, N. Y. Daily.

The Williams Record, Williams College, Williamstown, Mass. Weekly.

All of these College papers are very "newsy" describing in detail all College activities.

We have not received all of the school papers this year as yet but the ones we have received, have been read and enjoyed by a number of students.



Ye Poll Parrot

Frosh (to pretty girl at Library): "Have you Freckles?"
Pretty girl: "How dare you?"

Heather: "Say if there was a tax on brains the government would owe you money."

Coster: "Yeh, but they'd go in debt paying you."

Heard About School

Frosh: "How is it your name isn't on the board among those to be excused at 1.30?"

Senior: "Well, you see, every fool likes to have his name in a public place, so I'm excluded."

Chandler: "Can you tell the difference between a yeast cake and a barrel of flour?"

M. Mattoon: "No."

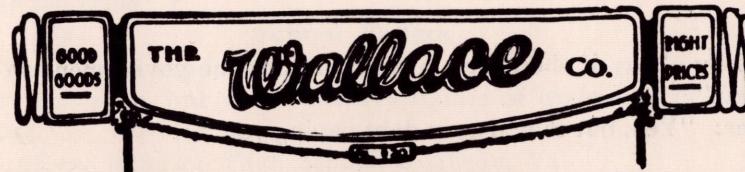
L. C.: "Well, you would be a great one to send to the store."

On a mule we find two legs behind
And two more legs before
But you have to get behind to find
What the two legs behind be for.

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Mule in a barnyard,
Lazy and sleek;
Boy with a pin
On the end of a stick,
Sneaks up behind him
Quiet as a mouse—
Black crepe hung
On the little boy's house.

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Paw: "What do you mean?"

Bill: "She went to a party last night and they played a game all the evening. The boys had to hunt around and find a girl and then they must either kiss her or pay a quarter."

Paw: "Yes?"

Bill: "Well, Mabel came home with two dollars."

—Exchange

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Tom: "I hear you and Madelyn had some words."
Bob: "Oh, yes, I had some but I didn't get a chance to use them."
—Exchange

D. G.: "Wouldn't you like to go to Lapland?"
R. D.: "Oh, I'm afraid I'd be too heavy."

The gas went out to meter,
The egg went out to beater,
The nutmeg went out to grater,
But, alas! the radiator.

—Exchange

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M. Britt: "Yes."

M. Higgins: "And do you sleep with your hat on?"

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